

[24/06/08][22:00:43] -

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Title: Christmas Poem

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'Twas the night before  
Christmas when all  
through the shard

Not a creature was  
stirring, 'cept a macroing  
bard

The backpacks were hung  
by the chimney with care

In hopes generous GMs  
soon would be there

The bank theifs were  
nestled all snug in their  
robes

While visions of easy  
marks danced in their  
lobes

All of us regulars here  
at the Y

Had just settled down, to  
pass the night by

When out on the lawn  
there arose such a  
scream  
Everyone looked 'round, to  
scope out the scene

Away to the front door,  
we flew like a flash

'Twas just in time for a  
halberd's last crash

The moon on the breast  
of the new fallen snow

Shone red from the blood  
of the newbie below

Then, what should our  
wondering eyes thus  
impart?

But a miniature sleigh,  
and eight tiny great  
harts!  
With white-bearded driver,  
all dressed in red

The same as the name  
floating o'er his head

He bent over the corpse,  
started carving away

We knew in a moment, IT  
WAS SANTA PK!!!  
Our numbers were many,  
our characters brave

We all jumped on Santa  
PK in a wave!

More rapid than eagles,  
his great harts they  
came

Santa PK cursed soundly,  
then called them by name

Now Corp Por, now Vas  
Flam, now on Vas Ort  
Grav!

Now Ort Sanct, now Wis  
Quas, and others I have!

To the top of the hedge,  
to the top of the wall

Rel por away, por away,  
por away all!  
And then, in a twinkling,  
we heard on the roof

The thumping and  
whumping of each little  
hoof

We all headed inside, and  
as we turned round

Down the chimney came  
Santa PK with a bound

Dressed in red magic  
plate, from his head to  
his foot

He chopped down our  
tree, and then stole the  
rule-book

He snooped all the  
patrons, and summoned  
EVs

Then stole all 15 of my  
insta-log keys!  
His dimples, how merry!  
His twinkling eye!

He looked 'round, then  
said, "UR all gonna die!"

Then with no more words  
he went straight to his  
work;

To make us all take  
unplanned naps in the in  
the dirt.  
I whipped out my halberd,  
as all followed suit

We were hungry for  
Santa PK's blood and loot

He had sullied the Y,  
brought us nothing but  
grief!  
He was worse than a  
Noto-PK or a thief!

My halberd, it whooshed,  
my halberd, it whiffed!

I couldn't hit Santa PK, I  
was miffed!

The Y's other patrons  
hurled arrows and spells

But they all missed Santa  
PK just as well

His casting was swift, his  
footwork sublime

Three bolts he could put  
in the air at one time!

He guzzed Gheals with 1  
second's delay

And I wondered, "Now why  
can't \*I\* do it that  
way?"

The light bulb went on, I  
let out a scream

"This scumbag must utilize  
UO Extreme!"

Santa PK turned his head  
'round my way

"Corp Por" \*thwack\*  
"Corp Por", all I then saw  
was gray

As dry leaves that  
before the wild hurricane  
fly

Flew the bodies of  
patrons, those doomed to  
die

And then, when he was  
the last one left standing

Santa PK ran forthwith  
to the landing  
He gathered our heads,  
and he gathered our loot

He jumped in his sleigh in  
his red armor suit

As he drove out of sight,  
I heard him exclaim  
"Man, U guys suk! U guys  
R all LaM3!"